



FOUR SONGS

COMPOSED
—BY—

EDWARD MAC DOWELL
OP. 56.

HIGH
OR
LOW
VOICE

Edition Schmidt.
No. 49 a b.

Arthur P. Schmidt,

BOSTON: 146 Boylston St.
LEIPZIG.
NEW YORK: 136 Fifth Ave.

1/17

COPYRIGHT 1898. BY P.L. JUNG.

Four Songs.

I.

EDWARD MAC DOWELL.

Op. 56.

Simply, with pathos. (♩ = about 72.)

VOICE.

Long a - go sweet - heart mine, Ros - es

PIANO.

bloomed as ne'er be - fore, Long a - go the world was young For

us sweet-heart. Fields of vel-vet, a - zure skies Whispring

pp very softly.

pp

trees and murm - 'ring stream; Long a - go Life spread his

very softly.

wings For us sweet - heart. And now that

p

night is near Must God's harvest e'en be reaped, Yet our love

our love shall live For aye sweet - heart.

ppp

Ad. *

II.

EDWARD MAC DOWELL.

Op. 56.

With much feeling. (♩ = about 112.)

VOICE.

"The Swan bent low to the Lil - y, Mid

PIANO.

wav - 'ring shadows green, And the songs he mur - mur'd soft - ly,

pp

Know'st thou what they mean?" I could tell thee

f passionately.

tru - ly, But Oh, I may not dare

ff

2

f *p dim.*

Look in my eyes and tell me, What said the Lil - y

f *p*

fair?


p *ppp*

III.


EDWARD MAC DOWELL.

Op. 56.

Brightly, archly. (♩ = about 100.)

VOICE. 

A maid sings light, and a maid sings low, With a

PIANO. 

p follow the voice markings throughout.



merry, merry laugh in her eyes of sloe, I tell thee lad have a





care, nor dare, Lest thou lose thy heart in the fair one's snare, And



increase. - - - *ret.* - - -

doth she pout, and doth she sigh, And doth she pout, and

pp more deliberately. *pp*

doth she sigh, Ne'er go too close, nor dry her eye, too

pp

Ped. * Ped. *

ret.

close, nor dry her eye, I tell thee lad have a

p

Ped. *

ret. - - - lightly.

care, she's fair, She'll sure - ly laugh thy prayer to air, For a

Tw. *

maid loves light, and a maid loves so, That a merry, merry laugh will

ret. - - - lightly.

answer thy woe, I tell thee lad, have a care, nor dare, Lest thou

ret.

lose thy heart in the fair one's snare.

IV.

EDWARD MAC DOWELL.

Op. 56.

Tenderly. (♩ = 80.)

VOICE. As the gloam-ing shadows creep Through the forest deep— Fra

PIANO. *pp*

f Night-in-gale sings sweet— Sings sweet through the for-est deep—

p

p As through the trees the moonbeams sweep,

p

f broadly.

Lo! a maid with ea-ger feet Seeks in vain her love to greet

Ah sweet, why moan, why moan and weep? For aye the gloam-ing

shadows creep And hearts will cease to beat— Still Fra Nightin-

gale singssweet, Sings sweet when love— is deep, when love is deep.—